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Chapter 1 by Sorelle

I could feel the tranquilizer kicking in. But with what little strength I had left I looked back at who I thought was my best friend. He could never do anything like this. He was calm, caring, and somewhat timid. He couldn't do this. I was about to go down the light was fading and I saw him standing throwing the locket, the crack releasing a slight glow. No that couldn't be my Henry he can't I noticed a slight glint in his eye something that was not there before, a kind of crazed power in his eyes. I yelled at Henry he just smiled a weird half smile. Then the tranquilizer took over.

Chapter 2 by PigletPinkPancake



I woke up in a completely white room filled with doctors.

Panic took over my body.

Where was Henry?

Why did he do this?

Where was I?

Who was I?

The only thing that I could remember was Henry.

Henry

Henry

I need to find him.

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Chapter 3 by PigletPinkPancake



The doctors didn't seem to be paying any attention to me so I slowly crept out of my bed and charged for the door. One of the doctors must have seen me and screamed, "Not again! We need more anesthesia!".

I screamed No and tried to open the door but the doctors grabbed me and lifted me up onto the bed. I thrashed out in anger screaming "LET ME GO! I NEED TO FIND HENRY! WHY ARE YOU KEEPING ME HERE! I NEED THE LOCKET!". None of this seemed to work. They held me still and put something on my chest that made my arms not able to move. But I kept screaming. "We better get the mask to quiet her down." said one of the doctors that was holding me down. They placed something on my face that made me drowsy. Then before I knew it I was asleep again. The last thing I heard was one of the doctors.

"I feel bad for crazy pants. Dumped out onto the street. No family. And mentally unstable. What else does she suffer from? Amnesia. Oh wait she does."

Chapter 4 by Fanwizard



Henry.

Henry.

Where was he?

Where was I?

Who dumped me on the street?

I was mentally unstable?

How did I get amnesia?

How could I have amnesia but still remember Henry's face perfectly?

People say when you're unconscious with drugs, you don't have dreams.

They're lying.

Because all I could hear was Henry's voice, as he spoke, as he laughed, as he whispered sorry, and see his face. There was no crazy half smile or glint in his eyes, but just plain old Henry.

"Stella, I'm sorry," Henry's words blended together, his face blurring and his voice becoming faint as he vanished.

When my eyes opened again, I was alone, attached to a machine that was steadily beeping. I was in the same room as before.

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A flash went through my mind. Henry was laughing and chasing after me, his head thrown back. I felt like I was trying to slow down, that he would never be able to catch up to me. I laughed then continued running.

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I blinked. Whatever happened was gone. I couldn't remember what just happened.
What happened?

Chapter 5 by Fanwizard



My fingers shaking, I tore the wires attaching me to the machine.
A few soft, clicking beeps, then it died, leaving me in silence.
How many more minutes of freedom would I have until the nurses and doctors discovered me and knocked me out with drugs?
My fingers went instinctively to my neck, but the locket wasn't there.
Another flash of colors went through my head.
The sound of Henry laughing, really throwing his head back and full out guffawing at something that I said. I had been laughing too, because I remembered my side had hurt from all that laughing. Then he leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek.
It felt completely brotherly. And it should be. Because Henry felt like that twin brother I never had. We'd shared the same humor and the same jokes that no one else understood.
And just like that, the colors faded, and I was left blinking quickly at the blank white wall.
What was happening to me?

What happened to my family?

My mind felt empty, except my most recent memories. Even the memory of Henry's face was blurring, then slipping away altogether.

I knew that there should be something there, and I tried to remember, but it was one huge blank. I wouldn't know what my name was without that dream of Henry apologizing to me.
Stella.

I didn't know how old I was. I didn't know when my birthday was. I didn't know if I had any annoying siblings that bugged me late into the night. I didn't know how I'd gotten here, and why I'd gotten here, and more importantly, how Henry related to this.

Every time I closed my eyes, I kept seeing that crazy look in Henry's eyes. I felt like I knew and didn't know Henry at the same time, but I knew something for sure; That wasn't Henry.

Where was he?

What had the doctors done to me?

Why had they erased my memories?

And what were those flashes?

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All of these questions kept wondering through my mind as I slipped through the hallways of wherever I was, and burst through the front doors running.

Chapter 6 by Sorelle



As I was attacked and drugged like I had been multiple times in however long I've been here I went into another coma. When they knock me out I usually have eerily realistic dreams about the evil Henry. Then something horrible happens and I wake up hurting sometimes on my arm sometimes my entire body hurts to much to move, Then they knock me out again and it happens over and over. But this time I had a dream about my family. I never met them but this dream was with them.

I was standing on an open field alone then a large bird would fly up and screech and fall like someone had shot it. Over and over, it was unbearable. Just as I gathered all my whits to go help the poor bird it turned into my little sister. I had a little sister! She had the same olive skin as I did, adn had beautiful long curly hair. She would fly into the air then scream and fall. I ran to her but as I got there she disappeared.

From behind me I heard a small voice scream, AMALA HELP ME! And I turned around so fast I got dizzy. There she was being thrown up into the air and screaming AMALA HELP! Then she would fall and it would be silent. From behind me where my little sister was first being thrown I heard a deep rich voice yelling AMALA WHY DID YOU LEAVE? This was my father I just knew it. He to was being thrown up and falling down screaming at me. I was overwhelmed with the sound I wanted to help them both but as soon as I walked one direction the other would scream and hit the ground and go silent.

In this time of Horror no one else appeared my mom was gone. What did this mean was she still alive and my sister and father were killed? Or did she die some other way? Maybe my father and sister were trapped somehow.

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It's the memories that keep flashing through my mind. My family's screams that pound in my head no matter how hard I try to drown them out. Henry's slightly crazed face. The memories that keep slipping away no matter what I do.

I sit up and dust off the dirt from my clothes. I close my eyes and try to grasp happier memories, before the horrors of what happened to my family.

"Henry?" my voice breaks through the silence.

I swore that I saw him standing a football field away, a wistful expression on his face, but it could have been my imagination. I swore that I saw him make eye contact with me and mouth, "Run," before vanishing.

Maybe it was a trick of the light, but I doubted so. How could my own mind betray me like that? But I remember his face, the non-crazed one, that wistful expression, and start running.

Because I'm not only running from the doctors that have poisoned and drugged me beyond belief, I'm running from my past, especially the memories that follow. The memories that keep haunting me.

I close my eyes and let tears fall down my face, even though I'm not sure what I'm crying for; My family that vanished, the Henry that I thought I knew, and the memories that I can't grasp.

I was crying for what I'd lost.

Chapter 8 by Fanwizard



I stumble and trip because of the stupid rocks/roots that get in my way. I skin and cut my hands and knees, but I can't get away fast enough. From the place that had a part in my past, the past that kept giving me flashbacks but taking them back before I could connect the dots.

I blink a few times, and nearly scream.

Because standing there is Henry, sticks and mud tangled in his dark brown hair. Mud staining his clothes and hands. Cuts lining his face and legs.

"Stella?" Henry's voice is weak and tired. There are bags under his eyes, bruises under his blurry eyes. "Stella, is that you?"

"Yes, yes, it's me," I barely move fast enough as Henry collapses, his breathing shallow.

"Stella," Henry's eyelids are fluttering shut. "Stella, I tried to destroy the locket. I finally know

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"Where is the locket?"

"That's not important right now," Henry winces. "Your family. They didn't survive. The doctors came for them."

"No," I whisper. "No. No. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye."

"Give me your hand," Henry whispered.

I press my hand in his rough one. Suddenly it's just him and me, alone in the woods.

"I ran away from the lab," Henry said quietly. "They were trying to wipe our memories because they wanted the locket to be kept a secret only for them. We were living on the streets, so they claimed that we were dumped on the streets. We're only 'mentally unstable' because of the high doses of drugs they gave us."

Henry's eyelids are fluttering shut, his breathing shallower.

"Look at me," Henry said softly.

I forced my eyes to meet his amber ones, so familiar, yet unclear and blurry.

Finally, I press my lips to his. His lips are chapped, dry, and the kiss is brief, lasting a few seconds.

"Stella, I love you. Protect yourself. Promise me that no matter what, you will protect yourself and return to our special place. Keep the locket out of their hands. Know that I got tired of running and hiding."

I use my other hand to gently touch his cheek. "I love you, Henry. I promise."

"You were always a special kind of girl. Keep holding on."

Henry's eyes flutter shut. His breathing slows until it suddenly stops.

I let the tears flow, and take my hand out of his, and find the locket in my hand.

Henry had the choice to become immortal. But he had chosen not to, because his life had already been miserable enough. He had been ready to leave.

"I love you, Henry," I touch his cheek one last time, kiss his forehead, and start running again.

the end

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